

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



JULES DOES THE CORRECT THING.

THE EXILE'S TRUST:

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER X.

COUNT DE ST. RENNE took occasion to press his suit the very next day, and great was his astonishment when Jules informed him that, on account of his daughter's extreme youth, he had made up his mind to postpone the marriage for another year. The Count was angry, and disappointed too; but he was far too clever a manœuvrer to show it.

"Another year, my dear Dubois! Do you mean to

drive me to despair? Do you take no account of the impatience of a lover?" and he made a gesture symbolical of tearing his hair.

"Well, you see," said Jules, not so much deceived as flattered by the ardent display, "my girl is but young yet. I don't like to part with her, and she does not like to leave her home and me."

"Perhaps she expects the young soldier to come back;" and Renne looked more spiteful than he intended.

"No, Count; I am sure she does not. I can trust my daughter," said Jules, proudly, and that pride was true and honest. It prevented Renne from saying what

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

such a man would have said on the subject; he saw that Jules had made up his mind, and he knew from past experience the forest peasant could keep a resolution when once he had come to it. An outbreak of scorn or anger at that moment might have put an end to the acquaintance and intended alliance; but Renne was determined they should not end so. He merely said, "You are a lucky man, Dubois, to have such a girl," made some attempts—knowing them to be ineffectual all the while—to persuade Jules against the year of delay, then beat about the bush to see if there was a hidden scheme or lurking rival; and at length, being satisfied that there was neither to fear, resigned himself to what he called his unhappy fate, inwardly resolving to keep the family well in hand, and let neither bride nor estate slip through his fingers.

The Count kept that resolution by visiting as frequently and paying as much attention as ever to Jules, his daughter, and his entire household. Excepting their head, none of the family were quite pleased with the grand seigneur. His coming had broken up their old homely ways and primitive habits; yet all but Ninette were proud of the prospect of Lucelle becoming a countess, and by her father's wish, as well as their own, took care to circulate in the neighbourhood that the marriage was postponed for a year, on account of the girl's youth, but should certainly take place, and be celebrated with a splendour equal to that of the most memorable wedding in the ancient house of Devigne. While the village gossips were yet engaged with that intelligence, a new theme presented itself in the unusual doings of the bridegroom elect. A sudden influx of wealth seemed to have come to the hitherto poor representative of the St. Rennes. Handsome furniture and rich hangings were brought to his ancient castle, it was said from Paris; repairers and decorators from Rouen were set to work upon walls, windows, and floors, and a large retinue of servants, wearing the family livery, which had not been seen since Renne became Citizen, full ten years before, all at once appeared, and with them a chariot of the newest fashion and the gayest equipments, drawn by splendid Norman horses and generally preceded by outriders. Jules had the earliest explanation of these wonders. The Count had gone to Paris just before the coming of Romane le Norman, to look after a legacy which his lawyer had discovered for him in the will of a long deceased relative; and when he returned, in time to interrupt the converse between the young soldier and Lucelle, he had informed Jules that his expedition had been highly satisfactory.

"The money has come into your hands, I suppose, Count," the intended father-in-law ventured to say, on the first surprising display of Renne's riches.

"Of course it has; the gentlemen of the law could keep it from me no longer, though they tried it hard. The upstart creatures of this plebeian government of ours always do what they can against the scions of ancient nobility; but I have got my legacy," said the Count, "and I mean to enjoy it; but, my dear Dubois, my chief delight in it is, that it will enable me to show my sincere affection for your inestimable daughter, by presenting her with a home and an equipage suitable to the best born countess whose family arms were ever quartered with those of my line."

Gold had always an alluring glitter for Jules Dubois, and, like most men, he knew its value better the older he grew. Renne's accession to wealth was an unexpected glory; it would raise his Lucelle still higher in the eyes of the forest people, and make it manifest that

the noble Count courted her only for herself, and not for the estate of which she was reckoned the heiress.

Jules had never heard the amount of the legacy, and he could not venture a direct question on the subject—it would appear so mercenary; but the Count had given him to understand it was millions of livres at least, and talked confidentially of reclaiming the wide wastes of his forest land, and rebuilding his ancestral castle in a more elegant and commodious style. "With all that wealth he will not insist on my settling the estate upon Lucelle," thought Jules, and the thought was a relief to his conscience; for the right of young Gaston Devigne troubled the man in possession, and sometimes he caught himself hoping that the wayward boy was laid somewhere under the Italian olives.

The change in the Count's fortunes had certainly made no change in his attachment to the Dubois family; his visits were indeed curtailed, particularly in the evenings, which he accounted for by the large retinue he had now to govern at home; and Jules thought the reason a very prudent one. But he brought Lucelle many presents from the towns to which he was always going in search of workmen or furnishings for his castle—expensive trifles which the simple girl did not know the value of, and scarcely cared for; and he often insisted on taking her and her father out for a drive in his new chariot. The quiet exaltation of Jules on such occasions was something to see and to remember; but they were trying times with him too; he had to sit with his best clothes and best behaviour on, watching Lucelle with a lynx eye, lest the modest, graceful peasant girl should say or do anything beneath her future rank.

As the months wore away, however, whispers which troubled him greatly began to circulate among the forest people regarding the Count. None of them liked the looks of his servants; they had all hard, sinister faces; they could use strange oaths, and language not current in respectable houses, and one or two observing peasants had seen some of them behave in a very cavalier manner to their noble master. There were strange reports about his castle also; it stood farther from the village than the Château Devigne, in a more solitary situation, and though of great extent, with wings and towers, only the central keep was habitable; but belated travellers, and shepherds in search of stray lambs before the break of day, had seen lights, sometimes stationary and sometimes moving, in its long-forsaken chambers, and men with masked faces and heavy knapsacks on their backs issuing from the long-closed gates in its rear. Jules and his family were the last to hear these rumours; but Jean Closnet, in his walks and talks about the neighbourhood, got a knowledge of them, and the honest fellow thought it his duty to communicate what he had heard to his master. Jules at first said they must be all nonsense, and with accustomed caution warned Jean to let the women of his house hear nothing about them. But the women heard and talked about them too, very soon after, and Jules himself got what seemed to him an evidence that some of the reports were true.

The Count had frequently pressed him to come over the dell, and see how comfortable he had made the keep of his old castle. "It wants but one thing to make it a happy home, till I build a better one," he said, "and that is the light of a fair young face; but, my dear Dubois, I positively insist on your staying to dine with me;" and Jules, after what he considered a proper amount of pressing and hesitation, agreed to see the castle and stay to dinner on the following Wednesday. That Wednesday was a great day with Dubois; he

studied manners all the preceding evening, with the help of Ninette, who, having served a noble family, was expected to understand etiquette. Lucelle plaited his ruffles and tied his hair in a queue as the *Sieur* used to wear it, which Jules thought must be the correct thing for a gentleman; Joan Closnet scoured his silver shoe-buckles till they looked as good as new; and the whole village turned out to see him go to the castle. The Count received him, as he said, like a lord, and showed him over the improved part of his mansion. An eye more accustomed to the elegancies of life would have perceived that the Parisian additions consorted ill with the massive and antiquated furniture of the Count's ancestors, and that decay and dilapidation had been covered and concealed rather than repaired; but to Jules all was equally grand, and the dinner-table, spread with china, crystal, and plate, was the most magnificent exhibition he had ever seen.

The dinner was over and the dessert served; the Count and he sat opposite to each other. Renne had been unremitting in his attentions, and particularly pressing with his wine; he had also drawn the conversation to the approaching marriage and the settlement of the estate, when the Count discovered that the wine was running low. "My dear Dubois," he said, "you must really taste my old sillery: the butler will bring us a few bottles in a moment;" and Renne rang the bell. It was answered by a man in his livery, who did not appear to walk perfectly straight; he came close up behind Jules' chair, and his face, plainly reflected in the opposite mirror, was one which Jules remembered but too well, for it was that of Citizen Brutus, the gaoler of the Abbey. Never had the forest man's cool blood and quiet ways stood him in better stead than at that minute; he neither exclaimed nor started from his chair, and Renne was too much occupied with his own vexation to see that his servant had been recognised. In the same mirror Jules saw him make an angry sign to Lenoir to leave the room, and the latter reply with a gesture of coarse contempt, as he staggered out slamming the door behind him.

"That fellow has been trying the sillery himself, I suspect; did you see him?" said Renne.

"Was he drunk?" said Jules, avoiding the question as skilfully as he could; but the Count had already added, "Excuse me for a moment," and followed his servant out of the room. Jules heard a sound of altercation somewhere in the castle; one seemed a suppressed, and one a high-pitched voice, and the latter belonged to Citizen Brutus Lenoir. In a few minutes the sounds ceased, and the Count returned, all smiles and apologies for being obliged to look after his unruly servant.

"These fellows forget themselves at times, because I am not strict enough with them—one of the faults of a bachelor's life, my dear Dubois; but with your help it will soon be amended;" and he took his seat with an easy, friendly air, while another servant came in with an ample supply of wine. The Count insisted on replenishing the glasses, and the sillery was excellent; but that sight had made Jules chary of drinking, and anxious to get home; yet his caution did not forsake him: he praised the wine above all he had ever tasted, but could not be induced to take more than the first glass, assuring Renne that it was far too good to agree with him, who had been accustomed to light wines and cider; and he pleaded the early hours of his family for cutting the evening short. The Count, with all his ease and smiles, had evidently reasons of his own for allowing him to go without much pressing; and Jules left the castle with a quiet manner

and a rather confused mind. The sight of Lenoir in such an unexpected position brought back all the impressions of former times regarding Renne, before the Count's flatteries and his own ambition had glossed and gilded over the man's character and doings to him. The gaoler had doubtless lost his office with the fall of the Terrorists; but what brought him to the castle, and clothed him in Renne's livery? and, if actually a servant, why did he stand in so little fear of his master? All the reports Jean Closnet had brought in, all the queer appearances his neighbours had hinted at, and all Ninette's wise and honest warnings against the Count occurred to Jules, as he pondered over the subject on his homeward way.

But Jules was not wise enough to make known his discovery to the good nurse; he still clung to his high-flown scheme of securing rank and title for Lucelle. Would not the circumstance he had to relate furnish Ninette with still stronger arguments against the match? It had greatly strengthened the doubts and fears which haunted him at intervals, ever since that business was broached; and now the little wisdom he had left warned him that there were unknown evils and dangers before his child, if she became the bride of Count de St. Renne. But unuttered impressions are apt to dissolve and fade before long-cherished plans and inclinations. By thinking over the matter, Jules found means to gloss it over also. Perhaps Renne employed the man, when out of place and out of pocket, in mere charity; and his incorrigible habits might have been the only cause of the Count's perturbation. He thought of inquiring of Renne; but the relation in which they stood, and the unacknowledged power which the Count had gained over him, made it impossible for Jules to refer to his own days of imprisonment in the Abbey. So Renne visited, and flattered, and brought presents, took Jules and his daughter out for drives, and directed the entire family; and the stipulated year, which had been far spent at the time of the disturbed dinner, drew rapidly to its close.

All the village were in expectation of the grand wedding; though the elder and wiser shook their heads, and wished that Jules Dubois had found some other match for his good and handsome daughter. But Jules had got so much above his neighbours of late, that most of them thought only of the show and the festival. Jules' daughter was not in expectation of the wedding; but she had grown partially reconciled to the prospect. No tidings had come from Romane le Norman; it was evident that what Ninette said of him was true—the young soldier could easily pledge himself, and easily forget: it was not a wise girl's part to think of a man who did not think of her. It was her father's wish that she should marry the Count, and he had shown every sign of partiality and affection for her: it was clearly her duty to think of no one else; and Lucelle always closed that review of her position and obligations with a sigh.

Ninette sighed over the prospect too; but it was for Lucelle's sake, and for her father's. The way of escape which she had prayed for did not seem to be found for them; yet the nurse hoped against hope as the year approached its end. That year had wrought a remarkable change in the state of their common country: the Directory had been swept away like a house built on sand; people talked only of the First Consul and the Senate; the young general whom France delighted to honour had become her political chief; and under his vigorous government party strifes and party terrors died out. There were hopes of peace at home and

abroad: time did not fulfil the promise; but within its own borders the nation became safe and united once more—French soldiers were coming home from Egypt, French emigrants were crowding back from every coast of Europe; and there was talk of the old estates reverting to old families again. "My noble master cannot return to his own; but I have hope that he has reached a better inheritance," thought Ninette; "and who knows but his son may turn from his own wild ways, and think of his father's house and lands, and that some of the old friends of the Devigne family may come back with good will and good purses enough to help in buying them again from Jules Dubois?"

The good nurse's hope was Count de St. Renne's fear: soldiers and emigrants were coming home; affairs were getting settled—it was not safe to let his business hang any longer in the balance, lest it might be too well weighed. Jules found him waiting for himself in their council chamber—the billiard-room—one morning, with an uncommon serious look. "My dear Dubois," said he, "I have come to tell you that I can bear the suspense no longer: it is undermining my health—I may say, my reason. The death-blow given at once to my fondest wishes would be preferable; the year of my probation has all but expired: I call upon you as a friend, as a man of honour, to let the contract between your incomparable daughter and me be drawn and signed without delay."

"Well, I have no objections," said the much flattered Jules.

"That is worthy of yourself, my dear friend," said Renne; "and as I believe you have no man of business, I have arranged with a notary, a very honest fellow, whom I happen to know in Alençon, to come here; shall we say the day after to-morrow?"

"Isn't it very soon?" said Jules; "hardly time enough to prepare Lucelle."

"Lucelle is always prepared to do her duty, I know that, and so do you, my friend; besides, the sooner the better: and I may as well mention that I have arranged with the notary regarding the settlement of the estate on your daughter: it shall be all her own, as sure as law can make it; I want no dowry but that which nature has given her;" and Renne endeavoured to look magnanimous.

"Oh, I am not just ready for that; Lucelle will have it at my death, of course; but—but, I can't put the property quite out of my own hand; I am not so old a man, and——" Jules' wits went off in search of another reason; for this time the Count had taken him by surprise.

"You are not putting it out of your hand at all, my friend; you are rather making it more secure to yourself and your daughter. I insist upon the settlement, not only on that account, but because of a sacred duty which I owe to my noble line. This château and estate were wrested from my ancestors by the Devignes, with the help of corrupt judges and false witnesses. It is clearly my duty to bring them back to the family and friend of my heart. Believe me, had I to deal with a man who would refuse to aid me in that sacred task, I would endure the disappointment of my fondest wishes, rather than be connected with one who could so far condemn the claims and memory of my ancestors. But, Jules Dubois, you are not that man;" and the Count grasped his hand in a sudden fervour of friendship and admiration. The hand was cold, and so was Jules' heart for the moment; through the high-sounding speech and grandly assumed motives of his intended son-in-law, the plain fact had flashed upon him, that without the estate

Renne did not mean to marry Lucelle. What, then, was to become of all his proud hopes of seeing his daughter a countess? how would his neighbours, who had heard such magnificent accounts of her marriage festivities, laugh at and despise him? In short, the rock on which many a man's sense and principle have been shipwrecked—"What will the world say?"—rose up before him like a barrier not to be overstepped, and Jules shook the Count's hand, and said, with the best grace he could, "By all means let the notary come, and we will settle the estate, and sign the contract the day after to-morrow."

"As I expected," said Renne, with a delighted look, which for once was genuine; and after a good deal of praise bestowed upon Jules, his daughter, and his whole family, the now successful schemer took his way home.

The contract, or *contrat de mariage*, is to French lovers what the betrothal is to those of Germany, and the hand-fasting was to the Scotch of former times, a solemn ceremony recognised by the law, and generally celebrated by a gathering of friends and relations. Jules had no kindred to assist at the contracting of his daughter, and he determined neither to invite nor apprise his neighbours; there were none of them his equals now—at least Jules thought so; the time for preparation was short, and, like every man conscious of doing a wrong thing, he wished to get it over as quickly and quietly as possible. The moment the Count was gone, he walked into the porch where Ninette was spinning and Lucelle knitting beside her, and said to the latter, with quite an easy air—Renne himself could not have put it on better—

"Lucelle, my girl, there is a notary coming from Alençon to contract you and Count de St. Renne the day after to-morrow."

"Is the year expired yet, father?" said Lucelle, turning white as the fabric she was knitting.

"Not quite; but it will be before you are married, and the Count won't wait any longer; he is afraid that somebody will carry off my Lucelle from him and me, or that she will grow too proud to have him. I don't mean to have any of the gossiping neighbours here; but get your best clothes ready: a girl should look well on the day of the contract, shouldn't she, Ninette?" and with that small piece of gaiety Jules turned out of the porch and walked away to his fields. Ninette said nothing, but her wheel turned slowly and her face was sad and sober. Lucelle rose in silence and went to her own room; there the girl sat down and wept till the shock wore off; then she wiped her eyes, looked out at her own little garden, now full of spring flowers, and at last began to get ready her best clothes.

UNION SOCIETY AT AIX.

NESTLED in among the Savoy mountains, low down, close by the grassy shore of a silver lake, stands a little, unpretentious village—call it a town, if you will—named Aix-les-Bains. Pilgrims flock thither in the early summer to drink of its sulphurous springs, and bathe their invalided limbs in its healing waters. Flowers bloom, fountains glisten, bees murmur by its pleasant walks all the long summer days. Ferns, orchids, blue bell, primrose, and pimpernel are gemmed on soft sloping banks of greenery up above, and twinkle dewily in the golden light that filters through thick, branchy trees on the hill-side—a cool, peaceful retreat, where, if in company, you may take your mid-day lunch *al fresco*, or, being solitary, stretch yourself, like Tityrus, beneath

the overspreading boughs, and doze or dream to your fill. But until May Aix sleeps its winter sleep like the mountain rats; for the frosts and snows, in their Alpine fastnesses far above, girdle it in, and grim, fortress-like rocks, towering to heaven, frown it into submission. So when the day of its release comes, this little glen by the lake wakes into fresh, joyous life, decks its uplands with sweet spring blossoms, and the glad village prepares to receive its summer pilgrims from afar. How long these devotees remain faithful—the tale of their comportment with the nymph of the spring—their persevering libations—how, in sheer listlessness of spirit, they condole with each other over their cups, or, with rueful mien, compare notes on their ills—or whether, indeed, they eventually get cured at all—are things which this history does not propose to relate. It has been wickedly insinuated (scandalous tongues wag freely everywhere) that the “season” lasts just until patients, getting more and more reduced by their watery career, are obliged at all hazards to go—until, every breath of energy evaporated, their friends, as a last resort, take them forcibly away, and leave them to nature. However, that is neither here nor there. What little I have to tell refers to the native burghers and peasants.

And a sturdy, well-set, honest-looking, industrious kind of folk they are. Any nation might be proud to own them. Their little trim-built dwellings sun themselves pleasantly on the hill-side. Tumbling torrents, dashing down from mountain heights in hurrying leaps to get to the lake, are insidiously decoyed aside from their chosen channel, and made to turn dozens of small picturesque water-mills planted in their path—undershot, overshot wheels, tufted with green mosses and wild fern, about which the perplexed waters flash and sparkle, fretful to be gone. Sun-browned Savoyard men and women, at work among the vines, salute you as you pass with a courteous good day. Wrinkled grandames, seated under trellised cottage porches, in the shadow of flowering creepers, knitting or minding babies, falter forth a *bonjour*, and administer unheeded reprimands to the irrepressible *gamins* outside—boys and girls, that are making dirt pies in your path, and otherwise obstructing your way. Not a beggar is to be seen in the commune; nor, indeed, is there any symptom of poverty in the whole place.

Thus, while I was at Aix last spring—a passing visitor—I was struck with this manifest air of comfort, and fully prepared to find some social machinery at work to account for the amelioration of ills which, alas! in our more prosperous towns, so sadly beset what are called the lower-ranks of life. In passing down a shady lane one day I heard the hum of voices issuing from the open door of a kind of assembly room planted by the wayside. I walked in. Some two hundred men were there rather boisterously pressing forward to pay money to clerks who, with open books, sat in a row at the farther end to receive each man's deposit and return a receipt. “It is only some rate-paying business,” said I to myself, turning about to go; “taxing-day has come round on the commune. An interesting event. I hope the commune likes it.”

While thus philosophically taking my departure, however, my eye rested on sundry pithy words conspicuously set forth on white cards dangling in irregular array against the wall.

“They preach to you, then, as well as take your money,” thought I: “a paternal administration this, truly.” These were some of the sentences:—

1. “Chacun pour tous, tous pour chacun.”—Each for all, all for each.

2. “Le premier droit c'est de vivre.”—The first (social) right is to live.

3. “Le premier devoir c'est de travailler.”—The first (social) duty is to work.

4. “Suppression de la misère par l'assistance.”—Suppression of misery by help.

5. “Abolition de l'aumône par le travail.”—Abolition of almsgiving by work.

6. “Extinction du pauperisme par l'épargne.”—Extinction of poverty by thrift.

7. “Il faut être et non paraître.”—You must *be* and not *seem*.

8. “La plus belle morale c'est l'exemple.”—The most shining moral is example.

9. “Ne fais pas à autrui ce qui te paraît odieux.”—Do not to others that which seems hateful to thyself.

10. “Fais constamment aux autres le bien qui tu voudrais en recevoir.”—Do constantly to others the good thou wouldst receive.

11. “Abolition de l'individualisme par la solidarité.”—A joint responsibility instead of individualism.

“Monsieur is a stranger, then?” said a voice close to my ear, startling my attention from the study of these moral axioms zigzagging unsymmetrically about the wall. I turned round: there stood before me a portly, well-built burgher, politely uncovered, whose ruddy, smiling face, beaming with good nature and perspiration, seemed to question me as to my business, and who was evidently some chief in the ceremonies taking place, whatever they were.

“Sir, you are right,” I answered, “I am a stranger. Will you please to tell me into what assembly I have thus thrust myself so intrusively?”

“Non pas”—with a low bow and a flourish of the hat—“Monsieur is no intruder, he is welcome. This is a union society, and to-day the monthly pay day.” And my friend drew out of the aforesaid hat a many-coloured handkerchief and proceeded to mop the heat-drops from his face.

“A union society!” said I. “Pray is it a union of some particular trade? and for what purpose?”

“Non, monsieur; among our members are to be found peasants, artisans, shopkeepers—all in fact who have any recognised profession. The society aims at mutual help and succour, voilà tout! An accumulation of units for the good of all; the ‘bundle of sticks,’ you know.”

“But,” I said, “in England we have ‘unions’ of artisans, in which this ‘faggot’ principle—strength in combination—is employed offensively, as well as for defence; in which they coerce their members to work under conditions such as the majority (or the council) deem expedient.”

“We have nothing of that sort with us,” he observed decisively. “This society, as I had the honour of telling you, is for mutual assistance and comfort, and that alone. There is no ill-feeling here between classes. The sentiment is unknown. In helpless age, or unavoidable want, or in sickness, we step in with the Samaritan's twopence; and then, like that benevolent schismatic in our Lord's beautiful parable, we arrange for further help till the patient is cured.”

“Your illustration is hardly just,” I observed.

“Well,” said he, mistaking the drift of my objection, “I will confess to you that our priests look upon us as worse than schismatics. They are jealous of our influence. We neutralise their power. There are no poor with us upon whom they can take hold; and we mostly educate our own children. Yet we are Catholics, and rigidly forbid discussion on religion in our meetings.”

"Do not think," continued my informant, taking me by the coat, holding out the palm of his hand to give emphasis; "do not think that as a society we are irreligious. No; we have been embodied for ten years. We number 500 members, nearly all the commune; and not only the strictest morality is enjoined, but, as you may see by these mottoes, and more by our rules, we take the spirit of the Bible's teaching for a guide."

"You have a code of rules, then?"

"Unquestionably; and good rules they are. Come, follow me and inspect them." Across the room, elbowing his way through the crowd and stilling recalcitrant unionists with a nod, my friend led me, whispering in my ear by the way that he had been president in times past, and was consequently the right man to give information.

We went through a door into a little office, where the ex-president, after remarking that it was very hot—a needless intimation, for no one who looked on his glowing rubicund countenance could for a moment doubt it—sat down, dived into a capacious desk, propping up the flap with his head, and rummaged amid a chaos of papers for the rules. "Here they are," said he, coming out triumphant, ruddier than before, and again mopping his radiant countenance with the bandana.

"These rules, you see," he continued, "are very full and tedious; but I will only detain you over two or three. For example, according to Articles 5 and 7: 'L'honneur et la probité sont obligatoires à chacun des membres. Pour être reçu membre de la société il faut être d'un moralité irréprochable,' etc. (Honour and rectitude are obligatory on each member. To be received as member an irreproachable morality must be certified, etc.) These are strictly enforced, you will observe; we enjoin good manners and weed our association of *mauvais sujets*. These rules are a winnowing fan. Art. 8 and 9 also serve the same end. 'No one can be admitted but of some known profession.' Equally inadmissible are such as have been at any time convicted of theft, etc. 'Toute personne ayant subi condamnation portant atteinte à son honneur et à sa moralité, soit avant, soit après son admission dans la société, sera immédiatement rayé des cadres de la société.' (Any one that has been convicted of a breach of honour or morality, either before or after his admission into the society, shall immediately be struck off the rolls.) And, to be frank with you, I will confess that very few have been excommunicated. It argues well for the morality of the commune—does it not? For the rest, Aix is a primitive place, removed from the vices of great cities. This society, though, has told incalculably for good, both on the morals and well-being of the community."

"How is it that 'Egalité et Fraternité' are written over your tribune, contrary to French law?"

"Well, this society existed before the annexation to France, you know, and the Imperial Censor, seeing that we excluded politics and religion from our discussions, and were otherwise prudent, gave us free authority and charter to continue all rights and practice unchanged. Thus little by little we have grown to what we now are. We number, as I said, 500 brethren, including some of the principal of the townsfolk—the proprietor of your hotel is a member—and last, not least, we are possessed of an opulence of funds laid in store for rainy days to come."

"You are good to the poor and sick, I think you said."

"Yes; here are the rules relative to that—Art. 56 to 74. You will see by them how often the physician's

visits are to be paid, the supply of medicines, of wine, and other nourishment given; the rigorous attention and mindfulness to the wants of the sick expected from such as are set as watchers and nurses. Look at this rule—Art. 68: 'In any grave malady, and upon the demand of the patient, the president shall name two watchers to take their turn, according to order of inscription; . . . they shall not be absent from duty; . . . and, though they may be permitted to find a substitute (it must be a member), they shall be responsible——' But it would detain you too long to look further. You have shown so much interest in the thing that I will make bold to offer you a copy of our rules."

"Well," I observed, "we English, you know, always fancy ourselves interested in whatever appertains to progress in any shape. Indeed, I believe there is far more sympathy in the hearts of working Englishmen to their brethren abroad than most people wot of."

"I believe," said my friend, "the same holds good with us."

"Thanks, then, for your rules. I will read them, and, with your permission, make them known to any of my countrymen who may be interested in their perusal. Adieu."

And so the ex-president and I shook hands, and parted.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

THE Abyssinian expedition, and the search for Livingstone, have given to East African travel an interest far beyond that of mere geographical exploration. In previous pages of the "Leisure Hour" we have given outlines of the various expeditions connected with the great central lakes and with the sources of the Nile. The latest travels of Sir Samuel Baker, besides his personal narrative, contain so much information about the climate and resources, and the people, of a country not much differing from that of King Theodore, that special interest now belongs to the records of his expedition.

Of Sir Samuel Baker's explorations, in all of which he was accompanied by his heroic wife, the published volumes give ample details; but we are glad to be able to give the substance of his first address to the Geographical Society, which has a freshness and terseness not to be obtained in any mere abstract of the book.

In the year 1861 I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant. I had not the presumption to make my intention public, as the Nile source had hitherto defied all explorers; but, as the insignificant worm slowly bores its way into the hardest oak, even so I hoped by perseverance to reach the heart of Africa.

I employed the first year in exploring all the Nile tributaries from Abyssinia—the Atbara, Settite, Royân, Salaam, Angrab, Rahad, Dinder—and thence descended the banks of the Blue Nile to Khartûm. I will not describe this journey, but will confine myself to the most important point—the Great White Nile.

I completed my arrangements at Khartûm, and started on the 18th December, 1864, with a powerful force in three vessels, with twenty-nine transport animals, including horses, camels, and asses.

The first tributary to the White Nile is the Sobat, from the south-east, in lat. 9° 21' 14" N. This river is 120 yards wide and 28 feet deep, with a current of 2½ miles an hour, when bank-full, which it was at that time

(December). It is not navigable for more than about 180 miles, as it is composed of seven or eight distinct streams, all shallow, which join to form the main river.

Turning to the west from the Sobat junction, the Bahr Giraffe is met with on the south bank; this is an inferior stream, being a mere arm of the Nile, which leaves the parent stream in the Aliab country about 6° 30' N. lat. Continuing west from the Bahr Giraffe, we arrive at the Bahr Gazal junction coming from the west, about 70 miles from the Sobat junction. The Bahr Gazal is dead water. From that point to the south the difficulties of the White Nile commence. The entire country is a dead flat—a world of interminable marsh, overgrown with high reeds and papyrus rush. Through this region of desolation the river winds its tortuous course, like an entangled skein of thread; no wind is favourable, owing to the constant turns; the current adverse; no possibility of advance except by towing, the men struggling night and day through water and high rushes with the tow-rope, exhausted with a hopeless labour and maddened with clouds of mosquitoes.

Far as the eye can reach, in that land of misery and malaria, all is wretchedness. The dull croaking of waterfowl, the hum of insects, and the hoarse snort of the hippopotamus, impress the traveller that this is the mysterious Nile whose source lies hidden from mankind. Islands of vegetation silently float past, bearing solitary storks, thus voyaging on Nature's rafts from lands unknown. Nothing in life is so depressing as this melancholy river. One dry spot I saw slightly raised above the boundless marsh; there some white man was buried. The people were ignorant of his nation; but his bones, like a good ship stranded in her voyage, formed a sad landmark for the passer-by. Not far from that spot I also had to dig a muddy grave, and erect a rough cross over poor Johann Schmidt, a good and faithful German whom I had engaged for my expedition. He, at this early stage, fell a victim to the marsh fever—another wreck upon the fatal banks of the White Nile. The loss of a good man, my only European, so early in the voyage, affected me deeply. Sadly I left him in that lonely spot, and struggled on against the stream to Gondokoro.

I arrived at Gondokoro after forty-five days' voyage from Khartûm, about 750 miles in a direct line, lat. 4° 55' N. I landed all my animals in excellent order, and resolved to wait for the arrival of a traders' party from the south, according to my prearranged route, intending to form a *dépôt* at their station in latitude about 3° 15' N., to which I could fall back for supplies in case of need.

Gondokoro is a miserable place, consisting of a number of grass huts, occupied only at one season by the traders' people, when they return from the interior with their slaves and ivory. The soil is poor, but the country is pleasantly diversified with many evergreen trees and native villages, while the distant mountains, towards the south and east, produce an exhilarating impression after the tedious White Nile marshes.

I had been fifteen days waiting at Gondokoro, when suddenly I heard guns firing in the south, and my men rushed into my cabin, saying that the traders' party had arrived, with two white men—*Englishmen*—in their company, who had come from the sea! It is impossible to describe that moment. Quixotic dreams that I had cherished were now realised, and in a few minutes later I met those gallant explorers Captains Speke and Grant marching along the river's bank; arriving in honourable rags, careworn, haggard, but proud of having won.

Speke was my old friend, but I felt that his brave companion Grant was also an old friend, for such a meeting in the centre of Africa vanquishes all time, and the hearty shake of the hand effects more than the cold acquaintance of years. But one disappointment tinged this happy meeting. I had always hoped to have found them somewhere about the Nile source, and to have shared with them the honour of the discovery. I had my expedition in the most perfect order, and I was ready for any place, however distant. Happily, much remained to be completed. Speke informed me that he had heard from the natives that a large lake existed to the west of Unyoro, which he thought might be a second source of the Nile, as the river flowed into it, and almost immediately after its junction issued from it, and continued its course to Gondokoro. He also said that he and Grant crossed the river at Karuma Falls in about 2° 20' N. lat., where they had lost the river as it turned suddenly to the west; therefore it was of the highest importance to explore it from that point to the lake, which he called the Luta N'zigé. I immediately determined to undertake this exploration, feeling convinced that the reported lake had an important position in the basin of the Nile.

My hopes of success were considerably damped by the character of my men. In those unknown regions every species of villainy can be perpetrated unpunished, and a collection of scoundrels, including Europeans, were engaged in the so-called ivory trade, having armed bands of ruffians in their service, who not only robbed the natives of their women and children to sell as slaves in the Soudan, but whose ivory purchases were conducted by *razzias* upon the cattle of the natives, the animals thus stolen being exchanged for elephants' tusks with the adjoining tribes. The trade of the White Nile is simply cattle-stealing, slave-hunting, and murder.

I had thus to encounter two great difficulties: the hostility of the natives, caused by the above conduct, and the impossibility of procuring porters for beads and bracelets, cattle being the only medium of exchange; added to this, my men engaged at Khartûm as escort were the scum of the earth, accustomed to cattle-lifting and slave-hunting, and in the habit of receiving from their employers one third of the cattle stolen. Foreseeing these difficulties when at Khartûm, I had applied, through the British consul at Alexandria, to the Egyptian Government for a few troops as escort. This application was refused, although the Dutch ladies obtained Government soldiers and an officer through the application of the French consul at Khartûm.

A few days after the departure of Speke from Gondokoro, my men mutinied and refused to proceed. The traders had combined to prevent any European traveller from penetrating the interior, fearing reports upon the slave trade. The people of Andrea Debono, who, having escorted Speke and Grant, had agreed to give me porters and to accompany me to their camp, suddenly started without me, sending a message that they would fire upon my party should I attempt to follow on their path. My armed men, forty in number, kept forcible possession of my arms that were in their hands, and threatened to fire at me simultaneously should I attempt to disarm them. It appeared utterly hopeless to proceed. The Bari tribe at Gondokoro and for about four days south were hostile to all comers. My expedition, so carefully organised, was overthrown and apparently defeated. The fatality that had attended all expeditions to the Nile sources for two thousand years hung heavily upon me.

I had no longer an escort. One man alone was faithful;

he was a native of the Djour. This man and a little black boy of twelve years old were all that remained of my party, with the exception of my wife, who, with a devotion which woman alone can show, determined to face all dangers and hardships rather than that we should return defeated.



LADY BAKER.

I will not weary you with a minute account of how, by management and caution, I recovered my arms and ammunition from the mutineers. Having succeeded in frightening a few of them, seventeen agreed to follow me to the east. My proper course was south; but I agreed to the proposal of the men, as they obstinately refused to proceed in any direction but east. I discovered that they had conspired to desert me at the camp of a trader, seven days' march east from Gondokoro: this was their reason for insisting upon that direction. They had also threatened to fire at me should I attempt to disarm them on the road, and to desert my wife in the jungle after my death. Nevertheless it was imperative that I should advance from Gondokoro at all hazards, or give up the expedition. I trusted to gain an influence over my men when once in the interior, and to be able then to alter my course to the direction of the lake.

I endeavoured to make terms with a traders' party bound for the east, but failed; they sent word that they would fire at me if I followed their route, and that they would raise the Ellyria tribe against me in advance. This party started on the 26th of March, 1863, at about 2 p.m., and I determined to follow on their tracks that night, and take my chance of overcoming all obstacles on the road. Not a single native was procurable, all being under the influence of the traders; thus I had neither guide nor interpreter. I loaded my camels and asses, and at 7 p.m. followed in the direction the traders' party had taken.

I overtook them that night, bivouacked upon the road, and I pushed on ahead. The next morning I received two natives of the Latooka tribe, who, having been ill-treated by the Turks, had absconded. Fortunately I

had been kind to these very men when in Gondokoro, and they, being natives of the country to which we were bound, offered to act as guides for a large present of beads and bracelets. Here, then, were guides; and I determined to push on by a forced march at night to reach and pass through the Ellyria tribe before the Turks should arrive to raise that tribe against me.

The march of that night was heavy. The camels were carrying about 700 lbs. each; the asses 200 lbs. I had twenty-nine animals. The route was through jungle and obstructed by numerous ravines, in crossing which the camels always fell and had to be unloaded. While they were being reloaded the tired donkeys took the opportunity of reposing and lying down; they shifted all their packs, which thus had to be readjusted a dozen times in that one night's march.

The day broke, and we were still ahead of the Turks. I lightened the loads, throwing away most of the salt and about 300 lbs. of all kinds of provisions, which, being left on the road, had the double advantage of lightening the burthens and delaying the Turks, who I knew would scramble together and fight for the spoil upon the route. At length I passed a place called Tollogo, about 30 miles east of Gondokoro, and threading a rocky pass at the foot of a range of fine granite mountains, I passed on to Ellyria, riding about a mile ahead of my party.

Tying our horses to a tree, my wife and I, alone in this beautiful spot, sat upon one of the huge blocks of granite that had fallen from the mountain top, and looked down upon the valley of Ellyria, about a mile before us. The noble mountains of grey granite rose on the borders of the chief village, while numerous other villages, surrounded by bamboo stockades, were dotted about the steep sides of the mountains. Looking down upon this valley in which our fate lay hidden, we anxiously awaited the arrival of our party—the road being difficult for the baggage animals, owing to the numerous fragments of rock which blocked the pass. We were exulting in having outmarched the Turks before they could raise the Ellyria tribe against us, when a clattering among the rocks preceded the appearance of what I supposed to be our party. To my confusion I saw the hated red flag and crescent, leading the Turks' party of 140 men. One by one they filed by through the narrow pass and descended to Ellyria. We were outmarched, and the expedition ruined should they raise the chief against us, he being the man who had massacred a traders' party of 126 armed men the year previous.

The captain of the party at length passed within a few yards of me in the rear of his men; my success depended upon that moment. I called him, and a present of a double-barrelled gun opened the conversation; it was terminated by English gold, which by good fortune I had with me—I had won him! I explained to him that it was impossible to drive me back, but should he assist me in my journey, I would reward him far beyond his annual salary. My men shortly arrived, and were confounded at seeing that I had made a friend of one of my greatest enemies.

After seven days' march we arrived at Latooka, my party slightly in the rear of the traders'. We reached the station of Chenooda, an opposition company to that which I had been following. It was at this spot that my men had conspired to mutiny. At daybreak the next morning the men refused to load the camels, and broke out in open mutiny with their arms in their hands. I made a severe example of the ringleader, and thus cowed some of the party, while some absconded with their arms and ammunition and joined Chenooda's men. The party

of Chenooda made an attack upon the Latookas two days later, to procure slaves; but the Latookas, who are a splendid tribe, massacred them, entirely destroying 105 men, including four of my deserters. This event gave me the control of my remaining men, who, firmly

The country of Latooka is important as being on the east frontier of a mountain-range running from the south-east, which forms the watershed between the White Nile and the Sobat; the drainage to the east flowing to the Sobat, about fifty miles distant, by the



SIR SAMUEL BAKER, BART.

believing in the "evil eye," imagined that I had some mysterious connection with this disaster.

Latooka is the finest country that I have seen in Africa: the natives are warlike, but friendly if well treated. A large tract of land is cultivated with several varieties of grain, enormous herds of cattle find ample pasturage, and the towns are large and thickly populated. Tarrangollé, the chief town, contains about 4,000 houses. Every town is defended by a strong stockade, while sentries are posted day and night around the town upon high platforms. The men are, like all tribes of this part of Africa, completely naked, and they are distinguished from other tribes by a peculiar head-dress—the hair or wool being worked into a thick felt and arranged as a helmet; this is tastefully arranged with blue and red beads, and ornamented with polished copper plates. The Latookas never bury the dead if slain in fight: those who die a natural death are exhumed after a few weeks' interment—the bones are then placed in earthenware pots and exposed outside the town. Like all other tribes of the White Nile, they have no idea of a Deity, nor even a vestige of superstition; they are mere brutes, whose only idea of earthly happiness is an unlimited supply of wives, cattle, and a kind of beer.

River Kanieti, and that to the west flowing direct to the Nile. This mountain-range is from 4,000 to 5,000 feet high, and composed entirely of granite. Steering south-west forty miles from Latooka, I arrived at Obbo, in lat. $4^{\circ} 2' N$. The general level of the Obbo country is 3,600 feet above the sea: it forms the watershed between the east and west, and has a great rainfall of ten months during the year. The soil being extremely rich, the country is covered with an impenetrable grass jungle, about twelve feet high, intermingled with wild grapevines. The mountains are clothed with forests, the whole country abounding in elephants.

Cattle will not live, owing to the tsetse fly: thus the natives are inferior in strength to the Latookas, being badly fed. They are extremely indolent, and, instead of cultivating their beautiful soil, they are contented with small patches of a wretched grain and a harvest of wild yams, which grow in abundance. I found nine varieties of yam growing wild in the Obbo jungles.

The chief of the Obbo tribe is an old man, a famous magician and rain-maker, much respected by all adjacent tribes as a powerful sorcerer. He carries a whistle of antelope's horn, which is supposed to have the power of either bringing or preventing rain. Unfortunately one

day I happened in his presence to whistle shrilly with my fingers with a tone which utterly overpowered his magic horn. From that time I was considered to be an accomplished rain-maker, and was always requested to perform either to attract or to retard a shower. The old chief "Katchiba" has 116 children living, and all his villages are governed by various sons. When he visits a district he rides on a man's back, with a few attendants, while one of his wives carries a jar of beer to refresh both horse and rider. He thus journeys through his country to collect tribute: if not paid, he curses the goats and fowls of his subjects, that they may remain barren, and threatens to withhold the rain.

In Obbo the whole of my transport animals died, and I was utterly helpless. After a delay of many months, during which the rainfall was exceedingly great, I procured a few porters from the ivory trader, and having trained some riding oxen, I was prepared to start for Unyoro. I was forced to abandon nearly all my baggage, as my means of transport were very limited. My clothes and those of my wife had long since been bartered for provisions with the traders' men; thus my baggage was light, consisting of a simple change of linen, with a large supply of ammunition, and presents for the King of Unyoro (Kamrasi). I had been a martyr to fever, and my quinine was exhausted; my work still all before me. I had arranged to lead the traders' party into the Unyoro country, and to introduce them to Kamrasi, under the express conditions that they should deal fairly with the king.

We left Obbo on January 5, 1864, crossing the River Atabbi, which is an important tributary to the Asua River, flowing throughout the year. I passed through the Madi country to Shoon, in latitude $3^{\circ} 4' N.$, crossing the Asua River in latitude $3^{\circ} 12' N.$ The Asua at that time (January 9) was dry, with the exception of a narrow stream, ankle-deep, trickling down its rocky bed. It is about 120 yards wide, but it is a simple mountain-torrent. The average depth in floods, judging by the watermark on the banks, is 15 feet; so great is the inclination of its bed, that it forms a rapid during the rains, impassable by boats. The bed of the river was 1,100 feet lower than Obbo; the drainage of a large extent of country thus flows to the Asua, and thence to the Nile.

Upon arrival at Shoon the whole of my porters deserted: this necessitated a further diminution of baggage. Rice, coffee, and every necessary was forsaken, and, with a few men to carry ammunition and blankets, we pushed forwards towards Unyoro.

After five days' journey south, over uninhabited prairies of high grass and countless swampy hollows, we arrived at the Nile at Karuma Falls, at the very spot where Speke and Grant had crossed the river, in latitude $2^{\circ} 17' N.$ Instead of being welcomed by Kamrasi, as I had expected, we were not allowed to cross the river; crowds of armed men thronged the heights on the opposite bank to resist our landing. At length, after a long day lost in gesticulating and shouting our peaceful intentions, a boat came across the river with some head men of the country, who, after strict examination, pronounced me to be Speke's own brother, 'from one father and one mother.' It now transpired that Debono's men, who had escorted Speke and Grant to Gondokoro the previous year, and who had driven me from my southerly route, had marched direct to Unyoro and attacked Kamrasi's country, killing about three hundred people, and capturing many slaves. We were at first supposed to be some of that party. So strong was the suspicion of the natives, even after my examination, that none of our party were allowed to cross the river except my wife,

myself, and two or three attendants. It was pitch-dark when we landed on the south bank, just under Karuma Falls; and, although met by a crowd playing upon flutes, horns, and drums, apparently with great rejoicing, we were detained for eight days before we were allowed to journey south to Kamrasi's residence.

From Karuma the Nile flows due west in a succession of powerful rapids between high cliffs. Immense groves of bananas clothed the steep ravines, and beautiful forest-trees, interspersed with varieties of palms, bordered the beautiful river, rushing along its rocky bed. Here the Nile was about 150 yards wide, a noble stream fresh from the Victoria Lake.

My first wish was to follow the river from this point to the supposed Luta N'zigé, but this was not permitted; neither could I obtain information of any kind from the people, as they had not yet received the king's orders. So suspicious was the king, that we were twelve days on a march of only forty miles due south to his capital. We were only allowed to march about three and a half miles per day, to enable messengers to report our conduct daily to Kamrasi. This march was on the west bank of the Nile, and we arrived at the capital (M'rooli) at the junction of the Kafoor River with the Nile. The country throughout our route from Karuma was thickly populated and extremely fertile.

The king did not appear for three days, during which we were by his orders confined on a wretched marsh on the south side of the Kafoor River, precisely where Speke and Grant were located formerly. In rather a suspicious manner Kamrasi arrived, accompanied by about a thousand men. I was very ill with fever, and was carried on a litter to his hut. He was a fine, dignified-looking fellow, well dressed in black-cloth, gracefully draped around him, and beautifully clean in his person; the nails of his hands and feet being perfectly white, and carefully attended to. He gave me seventeen cows, and a quantity of plantain wine; accordingly, I presented him with a variety of objects of value, including a handsome Persian carpet of most gorgeous colours, which captivated him immensely. I told him that Speke and Grant had arrived safely and had spoken well of him, therefore I had come to thank him in the name of my country, and to present him with a few curiosities. I also told him that the Queen of my country had taken a great interest in the discovery of the Nile source, now proved to be within his dominions, and that I wished to visit the Luta N'zigé Lake, and descend to the junction and the exit of the river. He told me that Speke was evidently my brother, having a beard precisely similar; that I was far too ill to attempt the march to the lake—which was the M'wootan, not Luta N'zigé—as it was six months' journey; that he was afraid I might die in his country, and perhaps my Queen would imagine I had been murdered, and might accordingly invade his territory. I replied that this was a perfectly correct idea—that no Englishman could be murdered with impunity; but that I had resolved not to leave his country until I had seen the lake, therefore the sooner the exploration was completed the less chance there would be of my dying in his country.

I returned to my hut disheartened. I had now been fourteen months from Khartúm, struggling against every species of difficulty; for twelve months I had been employed in repairing guns, doctoring the sick, and attending the wounded of the ivory hunter's party, simply to gain sufficient influence to enable me to procure porters. That accomplished, I had arrived at this spot, M'rooli, in lat. $1^{\circ} 37' N.$, only six days' march from the Victoria Lake; and I had hoped that ten days' westerly march

would enable me to reach the M'wootan N'zigé. I now heard that it was *six months' journey*! I was ill with daily fever, my wife likewise. I had no quinine, neither any supplies, such as coffee, tea, etc.; nothing but water and the common food of the natives—good enough when in strong health, but uneatable in sickness.

That night passed heavily; the following morning, to my dismay, every one of my porters had deserted. They had heard the king declare the journey to the lake to be *six months*, and all had absconded. Day after day I had interviews with the King Kamrasi, whose only object in seeing me was to extort all I had. I gave him everything he asked for except my sword: this was what he coveted.

The traders obtained a large quantity of ivory and left the country, leaving me, with my thirteen men, sick and hopeless. I would not be persuaded to return: I felt sure the lake was not so far distant. Hearing that the trade from the lake consisted of salt, I found a native dealer, and from him I obtained the cheering information that the lake was only fifteen days' distant. The king had deceived me, merely wishing to detain me with him in order to strip me of everything. At length I gave him the coveted sword and a double-barrelled gun; my headman drank blood with him as a proof of amity, and he gave me two chiefs as guides and about three hundred men as escort. These fellows were dressed like our juvenile ideas of devils, having horns upon their heads, and were grotesquely got up with false beards made of the bushy ends of cows' tails. This motley escort gave much trouble on the journey, plundering the villages *en route*, and drawing all supplies before we had a chance of procuring anything: I therefore discharged my attendants after a few days' march, and continued the journey with my guides and porters. Every day the porters, apparently without reason, would suddenly throw their loads down and bolt into the high grass, disappearing like so many rabbits. This occasioned much delay, as fresh men had to be collected from distant villages.

Marching for some days along the south bank of the Kafoor River, we had to cross this deep stream at a muddy ford; in crossing this river my wife suddenly fell apparently dead, struck by a *coup de soleil*. For seven days she was carried in a state of insensibility along our melancholy route; the rain in torrents, the country a series of swamps and forest and grass jungle—no possibility of resting in one place, as there was nothing to eat on the road and our provisions were insufficient. The people put a new handle to the pickaxe to dig her grave, and looked for a dry spot. I was utterly exhausted with fever and watching, and, after a long march, I fell senseless by the side of her litter. The next morning a miraculous change had taken place which I can never forget.

After eighteen days' journey through a park-like country from M'rooli, the long-wished-for lake was announced by the guide. For three days I had seen a high range of mountains, apparently about eighty miles distant, and I had feared that these lay between me and the lake; to my great joy I now heard that they formed the opposite or western shore. Suddenly, upon reaching some rising ground, the great reservoir of the Nile lay before me! Far below, some 1,500 feet beneath a precipitous cliff of granite, lay my prize so hardly sought; a boundless sea-horizon south and south-west; while west, the faint blue mountains, of about 7,000 feet above the water-level, hermed in the glorious expanse of waters.

Weak and exhausted with more than twelve months' anxiety, toil, and sickness, I tottered down the steep

and zigzag path, and in about two hours I reached the shore. The waves were rolling upon a beach of sand; and, as I drank the water and bathed my face in the welcome flood with a feeling of true gratitude for success, I named this great basin of the Nile (subject to her Majesty's permission) the "Albert Nyanza," in memory of a great man who had passed away. The Victoria and the Albert Lakes are the reservoirs of the Nile.

Vacovia was the spot where I first reached the lake, in lat. $1^{\circ} 14' N$. From that place I started in canoes, and, steering north, I coasted for thirteen days, arriving at Magungo, in lat. $2^{\circ} 16' N$. There the lake had decreased in width to sixteen or twenty miles, and it turned to the west; the extent unknown to the natives.

The village of Magungo was situated on rising ground about 250 feet above the lake; from this spot I had a beautiful view of the valley of the Nile, as the river flowed from the lake from fifteen to twenty miles due north of our position. The valley was four or five miles wide; a great flat of green reeds marked the course of the river to the north as far as the eye could reach. A chain of hills bounded the west bank of the river, trending north-east. Below the village of Magungo the river which I had crossed at Karuma entered the lake, after a course of about eighty miles from Karuma Falls; thus the Nile entered the lake and almost immediately made its exit at the north, precisely as had been reported by the natives to Speke and Grant.

My voyage down the lake had been tedious, owing to the heavy sea which rose with the wind from the south-west every afternoon, and rendered it necessary to haul the canoe ashore. The scenery was extremely beautiful; the mountains of granite and gneiss rose in many places abruptly from the water to the height of 1,200 to 1,500 feet on the east shore; many streams rushed down precipitous ravines; and the fine cataract of the Kai-giri, in a grand body of water, fell from about 1,000 feet. Two large falls were visible with the telescope, issuing from the high range of mountains on the west shore; in fact all nature seemed to recognise this great depression as the grand reservoir.

Much salt is obtained from the soil on the east bank of the lake; this forms the sole article of trade of the population on its borders. Formerly Magungo was a town of considerable importance, as the trade from Karagwé, from $2^{\circ} S$ lat., was conducted in large boats sent by Rumanika, the king of that country, with cowrie shells and brass bracelets from Zanzibar in exchange for ivory. My interpreter (a woman of Magungo) told me that she had seen Arabs arrive at Magungo with those boats, who regularly brought cowrie shells every year in exchange for ivory and prepared skins. In a disagreement with the people some men were killed, and from that time no boats had arrived; thus cowrie shells were very scarce, and tribes to the north, *i.e.* the Madi and Obbo, who formerly sent to Magungo to purchase those shells, were now without a supply.

Kamrasi, and many natives, told me that the lake is known well as far as Karagwé; but from that part, between 1° and $2^{\circ} S$ lat., it turns to the west, the extent being unknown even to Rumanika, the King of Karagwé. Thus the Albert Lake is well known to an extent of about 260 geographical miles from south to north. Throughout this course it receives the drainage of a great equatorial mountain-range, where the rainfall continues through ten months of the year. When I reached the lake in March, it was shortly after the commencement of the rains (which began in February); at that time the water was four feet below the highest water-mark

upon some trees which grew in the lake near Magungo. The natives assured me that the level was never lower than at the time I saw it; thus the maximum rise of the water-level in floods is four feet. From the exit of the Nile to lat. $3^{\circ} 32' N.$ the Nile is navigable.

It was necessary to verify the river flowing into the lake at Magungo as the Nile I had crossed at Karuma, that being the river flowing from the Victoria Nyanza. At the junction with the Albert Nyanza it was a broad channel of dead water, banked by vast masses of high reeds. In fact the northern end of the Albert Lake seemed to form a delta, the shores being blocked with rush-banks. The whole character of the lake had changed from the open sea it had presented farther south.

I went up the river from Magungo in a canoe. After the first ten miles it had narrowed to a width of about 200 yards, without any perceptible stream. We slept that night on a mud-bank, within a few feet of the river; but on waking the next morning I distinctly noticed the floating vegetation slowly moving towards the west. Thus there was no doubt that this was actually the Karuma river, as the natives had informed me, flowing into the lake at Magungo.

About twenty-five miles from Magungo my boating terminated. For many hours I had heard the roaring of broken water; we now turned into a slight bend of the river, and the grand fall of the Nile rushed into our view. Hurrying through a gap in a granite rock, the river contracted suddenly from a width of 150 or 200 yards to about fifty yards, forming a maddening rapid, which, roaring through its rock-bound channel, plunged in one leap, about 120 feet perpendicular, into a deep basin below. I took the liberty of naming this grandest object throughout the course of the Nile the "Murchison Falls."

I counted twenty-seven crocodiles upon one sand-bank below the falls. I shot one, and, as we were putting the boat ashore, a hippopotamus which had been hidden in the reeds charged the canoe, lifting it out of the water, and very nearly terminated the voyage with a capsizing.

Leaving the canoes at a small fishing-village below the falls, we continued our route to the east, overland, parallel with the river. The war was raging between Kamrasi and a neighbouring chief, Fowooka, who lived upon some islands in the river. The whole country was plundered and deserted; my porters absconded, leaving us in utter helplessness without provisions. Here, laid down with fever and starvation, we remained for two months, living upon wild spinach and mouldy flour, now and then procuring a wretched fowl. During this time Kamrasi, who was camped with an army of 5,000 men only four days distant, sent me repeated messages that I was to attack his enemy, Fowooka, with my guns. Should I accede to this, he promised to give me all I wanted, even to a portion of his kingdom. Being in extremity, I at length sent my head-man to the King's camp with a message that I was far too great a man to be negotiated with by a third party, and that if Kamrasi wished me to fight his battles, he must send fifty men to carry me to his camp, as I was too ill to walk; we might then come to some understanding as to the proposed alliance. This bait took, and after some days I was carried to his camp and well supplied with provisions.

A few nights after my arrival there was a sudden uproar in the camp—hundreds of war-drums beating, horns blowing, and a mass of people dressed for battle, with horns upon their heads, and false beards; crowds rushed to and fro in the darkness, screaming and

dancing with their spears, in the utmost confusion. Suddenly the king arrived in my hut, with a piece of blue baize tied round his loins like a kilt. This baize had been given him by Speke, and he confessed that he was thus lightly clad to enable him to run away quickly. It appeared that 150 of the trader Debono's scoundrels, armed with guns, had allied themselves to Fowooka, and, having crossed the river, were within ten miles of our camp, together with several thousand natives marching against Kamrasi. I never saw any man in such a pitiable fright as the king. I hoisted the English ensign upon my flag-staff opposite my hut, and assured him that no harm should befall him if he would trust to its protection; at the same time I sent five of my men to summon the captain of Debono's party to appear. The men returned on the following day with ten men of Debono's, who candidly confessed their intention of killing Kamrasi and of capturing slaves. I declared the country to be under the protection of the British flag, and that I would hang the leader at Khar-tum should one slave or head of cattle be stolen from Kamrasi's country. I gave them twelve hours to recross the river to the north side.

Curious to say, they submitted unconditionally; but, determined not to return without some booty, they actually attacked and plundered their own allies after retreating across the river. This affair gave me immense influence with Kamrasi, but it did me much harm. I was so valuable to him that he would not allow me to leave his country. The season for the annual boats to depart from Gondokoro was passed, and I was a prisoner for twelve months until the following season.

During this time M'tesa, the King of Uganda, had heard that I was on the way to visit him with presents, but that Kamrasi had detained me and received the presents intended for him; he therefore invaded Unyoro with a large army, and utterly devastated the country. Nothing could induce the coward Kamrasi to fight, and he took refuge on a river island, forsaking me utterly, and not even supplying me with porters. I determined to push for Karuma, and form a strong camp in the angle made by the bend of the river above the falls; but the enemy were on the road, we had no animals to ride, the oxen being all dead, and, although weak and ill, my unfortunate wife and I were obliged to make a forced march throughout the whole night, stealing through the high grass on the skirt of the enemy's camp.

Arrived at Karuma, I sent messengers to the traders who had accompanied me the previous year. They shortly arrived, and received from Kamrasi an immense amount of ivory which I had arranged he should give them. M'tesa's army retreated at the approach of the Turks' party of 150 guns, and I left Kamrasi's country on my road home. He had stripped me of everything except my guns and ammunition, and his last request was that I would give him the English flag that had saved him from the Turks. I was obliged to explain to him that the talisman failed unless in the hands of an Englishman.

In passing through the Bari tribe, on my return to Gondokoro, we were twice attacked by the natives, who surrounded the camp, and complimented us with a few showers of poisoned arrows. A good shot or two from the sentry settled the matter, and we arrived safe at Gondokoro—the exploration thus happily concluded.

So vast is Central Africa, and so insurmountable are the difficulties of that savage country, that it is impossible for a single party to complete so great an exploration as the sources of the Nile. I can only pay a just tribute to the extraordinary perseverance and determination

of Captains Speke and Grant in having overcome obstacles which none but an African explorer can appreciate. To these great explorers belongs the honour of discovering the Victoria Nile-source. For myself I claim no honour as the discoverer of a source, as I believe the mighty Nile may have a thousand sources. The birth-place of that great river is the vast rock-basin of the Albert Nyanza. In those profound depths, bosomed in the mountain-range of Equatorial Africa, in a region of ten months' rainfall, every drop of water, from the passing shower to the roaring mountain-torrent, is stored in that great reservoir of Nature. Fifteen hundred feet below the general level of the country, in a precipitous depression, lies the great reservoir of the Nile. So vast is its volume of water, that no single stream appears to influence its level. Even the great river from the Victoria Lake enters the great reservoir absorbed without a perceptible current."

PERIODICAL PEEPS AT FEMALE COSTUME IN ENGLAND.

v.

HITHERTO we have been indebted to other authorities—chiefly to Mr. Fairholt's "Costume in England"—*—for the materials of the rapid and summary survey we have made. From the close of the last century downwards, however, we have no such excellent authority to consult, and are driven to such resources as observation and the reminiscences of the past may avail to supply. It is true we might ransack the old Ladies' Magazines, but then we more than doubt our capacity for making to advantage researches in such a quarter; and therefore we prefer to draw solely on our own experience, and to set down—necessarily somewhat at random—such changes in the costume of the women of England as may present themselves to our own recollection.

We have a pretty clear remembrance of the dress of the mothers and the grown-up daughters of the gentry, the middle and the industrial classes, so far back as the time of the Peninsular war, ere the young century had got into its teens. We cannot pretend to accurate preciseness in description; but our impression is, that the general female costume of that date was both simple and becoming. It did not differ much in contour from the later delineations of Hogarth, but was less pretentiously ornate, as well as less in quantity. The neat coloured prints of Manchester were rising in repute, and in superseding, as they gradually did, the old-fashioned stuffs, they brought lightness, airiness, and grace in the place of a rather rigid formalness. The waists were exceedingly short, and seemed in our early days to be almost tucked under the armpits. Silks and satins were not in ordinary use, except among the wealthier classes; and figured gowns were much worn, bearing bright and rather bold patterns; and they were long in the skirt, so that it was convenient to draw the tails of them, as thrifty, bustling housewives were seen to do at busy times, through the pocket-holes. We can recall the fact that when they were thus reefed up, the grand-mothers used to show their high-heeled shoes, which were curiously stitched in patterns, and edged with fancy borders. These high heels, by the way, continued in use long after the fashion of them had departed; and the reason was, that the elderly dames, who had worn them for twenty or thirty years, could not do

without them. They had walked so long with their heels some four inches higher than their toes, that they could walk comfortably in no other manner, and would have been reduced to the state of cripples without them.

At this time the citizen wives and mothers of families wore neat caps, meeting under the chin, and daintily crisped all round the face with Brussels or Honiton lace, often of a most expensive kind; the hair was brought down low on the forehead, and parted in the middle, a few glossy ringlets clustering under the snowy cap. This mode of wearing the hair was most becoming, as was also that followed by the younger and unmarried, who curled it in ringlets drooping over the temples. The genuine beauty of the modest English face never had fairer play than at this time, when the hair partly veiled the brow. This simple and natural fashion imparted comeliness even to the plain, and contrasts to advantage with the present hideous custom of baring the forehead almost to the crown.

The bonnets of this period were variously manufactured—of silk stiffened with pasteboard, of satins, of quilted stuffs, of brown beaver, and of straw; but a far greater proportion of them were made of straw than of any other material. The plaiting of straw for bonnets was generally practised by one or more of the daughters of a tradesman's family, while the splitting of straws for the plaiters would be the evening occupation of the younger branches. Not a little straw would serve the purpose; for the bonnets were no mere pretences, but ample and effective coverings for the head, broad in diameter at the front, and by no means lacking in space at the rear. The contour of them, when they were in the moderate or medium stage, may be gathered by a reference to the numberless illustrations of Stothard, who about this time drew thousands of pictures for the publishers. His illustrations of the "Pilgrim's Progress" may also be accepted as fair memorials of the female costume generally, which he has reproduced in his figures of Christiana and Mercy, and the children, their companions. Straw being an admirable material for bonnets, the ladies could never have enough of it; and in course of time they began to envelop their heads in structures of the most outrageous description. Before Waterloo was fought came up the "coal-scuttle bonnet," as it was styled by the wags—a lengthy cylindrical machine, borne horizontally on the head, and from the depth of which the wearer looked out as through a long tunnel. It was caricatured by Rowlandson, one of whose plates, entitled "Two Faces under One Hood," exhibited a lady unbonneted, saluting a friend who visits her, and plunging far out of sight, deep as to the shoulders, into the straw fabric, in order to accomplish the business. The coal-scuttles had to subside under the ridicule they aroused, and the bonnets shrunk for a time to more reasonable dimensions; but ere long they began to project almost as abnormally at the other end, until there was space enough in the hollow crown for the contents of an average knapsack.

At the close of the long war with France, the renewed intercourse which took place between the two peoples, so long separated, gave, as might have been expected, a powerful impetus to fashion in all its phases. So far as we recollect, the head-gear of the ladies was the first thing to undergo a kind of revolution: the neat close caps began to give place to unnumbered devices of an analogous kind, each unlike the other, and all novel at least, if not elegant in design; the principal feature in the novelties was the introduction of colour and glitter, in the shape of flowers, spangles, imitative

* "Costume in England: A History of Dress." By F. W. Fairholt. Bell & Daldy. Some of our illustrations have been copied, by arrangement, from this valuable work.

pearls, bugles, and other parasitical tinsel; and contemporaneously with these things, of majestic-looking turbans, which latter were for a time received with marked favour by the elderly matrons. The plain slender dresses, perpetuated by Stothard and Westall, which sat so close to the figure, had by this time given place to garments with more liberal skirts; and now the fashion became again common, of loading them with furbelows and flounces, so that daughters demanded some forty per cent. more of material than their mothers had required for the same kind of garment.

The next thing that rises into vision in this review of the past is the portentous phantom of that monster Leghorn bonnet, as broad in diameter as the front wheel of a stage-coach, under which the women of fashion went flapping, fluttering, and undulating along the public promenades. Some wore them bent into a semi-elliptical shape; some fashioned them into the semblance of head-coverings; but, so long as they were novelties, numbers of those who prided themselves on their expensive acquisitions thought fit to wear them "neat as imported"—the broad expansive discs rising and falling in the wind, while the strings which should have confined them streamed away in the rear. Contemporary with the Leghorns, or nearly so, were the willow bonnets, fashioned of willow wood spilt and plaited like straw; they were great favourites for a while, but, from the nature of their fibre, which wanted the protecting gloss of the straw, they were liable to soil and damage from the most trifling accident, and in consequence grew gradually into disuse.

Ere this, the dressing and disposing of the hair had undergone a change which was not for the better; the combs of tortoiseshell used to confine it had grown bigger and bigger, and had taken the forms of coronets, tiaras, battlements, and various other devices, to the profit of the makers, who obtained for them almost fabulous prices. Then the ringlets gave place to large lobes of hair on the sides of the face, surmounted by a tumulus like a coil of cable perched on the crown: then the heavy mass on the crown slid down to the back of the head, where it was tied in an enormous knot; then, in the cases of young girls and children, the knot was untied, and the mass, divided into two or four separate portions, was elaborately plaited into a kind of whip-thong, and hung down behind after the manner of a mandarin's tail. But we are here on the verge of an anachronism, and must pause awhile.

Sketching entirely from memory, and in good part from impressions unconsciously received, we have been chary in mentioning dates. We confess that we cannot determine exactly when it was that the gigot, or leg-of-mutton sleeves, first appeared upon the scene. We do know, however, that they did not descend upon us in all their magnitude at once, but made their way little by little. There is nothing to be said in their praise; for in all their variations they were an unsightly deformity, suggestive merely, to the unsophisticated observer, of some disease of the limb, which stood in need of a bundle of cumbrous dressings. Before they abated they grew to a prodigious size, so that women stuffed whole pecks of eider-down into them to puff them out. It was common to see the sleeve surpassing far in apparent bulk that of the body of the wearer; and as sleeves were biggest when the practice of tight-lacing was at its worst, the combined effect of the inflated sleeves and diminished waist was to transform the outline of graceful woman into that of some noxious insect in hugely magnified proportions. Of course this was not lost upon the caricaturists, who portrayed whole swarms

of the wasp-like pests infesting the quiet retreat of some obnoxious Colebs.

The leg-of-mutton sleeves vanished in much less time than they had taken to reach their climax, and gradually gave place to a fashion which was in many respects just the reverse—the sleeves are long fitting closely to the upper joint of the arm, as far as the elbow, and terminating in loose open ruffles before reaching the wrist—a fashion elegant in itself, and which has the recommendation of ancient and classical precedent; it has continued, with various changes more or less important, down to the present time. Meanwhile the head-gear had gone through many variations: the bonnets, after a system which originated in Paris, had come to be designed and manufactured under the direction and inspection of men, who styled themselves "bonnet-builders," and who, keeping clever women in their pay, managed to command the markets, and in some degree, it may be presumed, to control the fashion of the day. Bonnet-shops sprung up in the fashionable quarters of London and the provincial cities and large towns, and in their attractive show windows were exhibited the various novelties as they came into vogue. "Drawn bonnets," as they were termed, made of silk in voluminous folds, and of a size which would now be considered enormous, were for a long time exceedingly popular. Straw, chip, satins, muslins, velvets—the choicest products of the loom—were wrought into bonnets, and the most exquisite triumphs of foreign skill, in the shape of ribbons, flowers, lace, etc., were used for the trimming and ornamentation. The old and long-cherished butterfly shape disappeared, and with it the bonnets lost their ample dimensions, and were pared down to a reasonable size. But, as fashion is never content with a medium, and is ever proceeding from one extreme to the other, the bonnets, like other things, had to submit to destiny, and grew, as the years rolled on, small by degrees and hideously less, until it became not a bonnet at all, but a species of cowl for the hind part of the head, with what should be its front pointing upwards to the zenith.

We are now getting upon ticklish ground, and find it necessary, if only to conciliate the possible reluctance of some timid reader, to speak in rather vague and general terms. It was not a bad taste which first suggested the amplifying of the skirts of ladies' dresses in such a way that the lower part of the figure should seem to rest on a broad basis, and the entire proportions to assume a form somewhat pyramidal. It was one effect of the full flounces and furbelows, when they were artistically applied, to impart this appearance; but it was brought about in a much more graceful way when, by means of a little padding, the dress was made to expand below the waist, and thence to slope outwardly towards the ground. This was not an easy thing to do well, and the attempts at doing it successfully, which one met with in the streets of London about the year 1840, were often ridiculous enough. But, as time wore on, what had been difficult became easy, and women of nearly all ranks came naturally to adopt a style of dress which, while it allowed full freedom to their limbs, and concealed any minor defects, really showed off an elegant figure to the best advantage. We feel inclined sometimes to regret that the vicissitudes of fashion had not stopped here, and that the female costume, as it existed during the seven years that followed, had not, as far as relates to its general outline, been stereotyped, so to speak, and rendered perpetual. Our opinion may be of very little value; nevertheless, we shall take this opportunity to declare that, in our

judgment, there has been no period in the history of Englishwomen when, as a general rule, they dressed so becomingly and artistically as during the few short years which preceded the introduction of the modern crinoline and hoop enormities.

The fashion of dress crinoline is said to have been designed by the Empress of the French. It was, however, only the revival of a fashion which prevailed in the eighteenth century, with some trifling modifications. So far as the English are concerned, it is true that it is something more and something worse: the hoops which we have seen to have been worn in the reigns of William III, Queen Anne, and the first and second Georges, were only worn by the court ladies, the aristocracy, and people of fashion; the common people had nothing to do with them, and it was recorded by observers at the time that they were hardly known at all at the distance of forty or fifty miles from the metropolis, unless it was at the spas and fashionable 'places of resort during the visiting season. But the fashion of our day extended to all parts of the kingdom, and everywhere had its votaries, and, it is melancholy to have to add, its victims. Of all the fashions which have ever found favour with the wives and daughters of this country, this seems to have been the most fascinating, as it was certainly the most fatal. A writer in the "Times," a man of eminence, in summing up lately the terrible calamities of which it had been the occasion, reckons the number of women, a considerable proportion of whom were women in high life, who have been burned to death in Britain alone, through the wearing of crinoline, as considerably over two thousand—surpassing far in amount the victims of that horrible conflagration on the Sacramento, which a few years ago aroused the sympathy and indignation of all Europe. Meanwhile, rarely a week passed without some addition to the slain from the same cause; and so frequent were the deaths, that they ceased almost to excite special remark.

Some idea of the hold this fashion obtained on the female public may be gathered from the means which were put in requisition to supply the constant and steady demand for the skirt-expanding hoops. During a late sojourn at Sheffield, we entered an establishment devoted entirely to the manufacture of ladies' crinolines. We saw in a single room some hundred or so of women and young girls engaged in the operation, in which they were partly assisted by the sewing-machine, of sewing the steel hoops to the skirts of calico, alpaca, and other material, and thus building up the balloon-looking articles to the required shape. In another apartment we witnessed the truly wonderful and all but incomprehensible process, which it would be out of place to describe here, by which the steel hoops are covered with their closely-woven sheathing of cotton thread before they are handed over to those who make them up; and again, in another department, watched the operation of the machinery by which the thin sheets of steel, after leaving the rolling-mill, are cut into strips of the requisite width. In this single establishment more than five hundred persons were employed from one end of the year to the other, in executing the orders sent in for this singular species of merchandise; but there were in the same town and its immediate neighbourhood other similar establishments, which employed even a larger number of hands, with a corresponding larger production. We were assured upon good authority that the quantity of steel used in Sheffield (and imported from Sweden for the express purpose) annually, for this single branch of manufacture, was not less, on the whole, than ten thousand tons!

In looking back upon the long course we have so rapidly traversed, we observe, amid all the mutations and vagaries of female costume, only one thing regarding it, which is what a mathematician might call a "constant quantity;" and that is the complaints of the moralists, divines, satirists, serious poets and essayists, and heads of families of all times, regarding the reckless wastefulness and extravagance to which personal vanity and love of dress are sure to give rise. Whoever writes concerning costume is sure to write of its costliness and waste. In this the chroniclers of five hundred years ago agree with all those of the succeeding centuries, each one recording his protest in his turn. Even the meek-spirited Cowper is stirred up to indignant severity on this point. Note what he says:—

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larders lean, puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

ISAAC TAYLOR'S LAST TESTIMONY.

THE Rev. Isaac Taylor, Incumbent of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, published in June of this present year two volumes of much interest, under the title of "The Family Pen."* They consist of notices of his celebrated father, the recluse of Stanford Rivers, and various members of his family, especially of his gifted sister, Jane Taylor, of Ongar. The title of the book was suggested by the inscription of a chapter of his father's autobiography, which he called "The Family Pen." So much has been communicated to our readers lately of Isaac Taylor, that it is not our intention to repeat any of the incidents already related. Our only purpose now is to bring before the public what appeared to him, to be the *drift of thought* at the close of 1864:—

"The purport of this now present tendency (or new phase of infidelity) is toward the acceptance of a Christianity abated—a Gospel shorn of its forces; and we are labouring to persuade ourselves that a Gospel so abated shall serve us instead of, and better than, the Gospel such as we have it in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. All we need, it is said, in this advanced stage of European civilisation, is *an amiable ethics*, and an easy after-life in prospect, with no terrors appended. The compromise which is now pleaded for must embrace such things as these: the exclusion of 'dogmas' of all sorts; a declared indifference toward 'speculative belief'; a rejection of superstitions—the devil included; yet, most of all, is demanded the rejection of that one doctrine, which, more than any other article of the obsolete theology, offends our modern philosophy, and outrages its sensibilities—we therefore insist upon the utter removal of the ancient belief concerning the vicarious death of Christ. On these terms a continuance may be granted to Christianity. When these *forces* of the Gospel are removed, what remains is reduced to a mass of incoherent and intolerable solecisms. Often has the experiment been repeated, and always with the same result. Other than such as it is, the Gospel gives place to any illusion—philosophical, or literary, or sensual—which may suit the bent of each mind."

Such was the solemn warning left by one who, for forty years, had been so keen and sagacious an observer of the theological tendencies of modern development and civilisation.

* "The Family Pen." Memorials, Biographical and Literary, of the Taylor Family, of Ongar. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

Varieties.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT AUGSBURG.—The "Gazette" of Augsburg published the following details relating to the visit paid by the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Gymnasium of St. Anne in that city in August. "The Emperor was received at the entrance by the Director of the establishment, Dr. Metzger, with whom he cordially shook hands, informing him at the same time, in the German language, that he had long wished to revisit with the Empress the scene of his early scholastic studies. A tablet of honour was then presented, with a Latin inscription, commemorating the fact that it was at this establishment his Majesty was educated, and the tablet was dedicated to him by the College of St. Anne. On inspecting the building, he pointed out the rooms in which he had carried on his studies, and the seats he had occupied when a pupil in the school. He also, with evident amusement, drew the attention of those around to the name of 'Louis Napoleon,' which he had himself carved on a window-sill, and which is still very legible. The Empress took much pleasure in showing this inscription to her suite. The Imperial party felt much emotion on taking their leave of an establishment so dear to their recollection."

FLEXIBLE STONE.—A great geological curiosity has been deposited in the museum of the Hartley Institution at Southampton, consisting of a piece of flexible stone about two feet long, seven inches wide, and more than one inch in thickness, having the appearance of rough sand-stone, which bends with slight pressure like a piece of india-rubber or gutta-percha of the same size. This very interesting specimen of geology has been placed in a glass case constructed for it, fitted with a lever, by touching the key of which on the outside of the case the flexibility of the stone is shown. It was presented to the Hartley Institution by Mr. Edward Cushen, from his relative, Mr. R. S. Munden, who obtained it from Delhi, in the East Indies. In its natural position the stone is said to run in thin layers in the soil in which it is found, but is so rare in India that it finds a place in the museums at Calcutta. We are informed that there is a similar stone, but not so wide as the one under notice, in the British Museum, and another in the museum of the School of Mines, but specimens are very rarely to be met with. The Rev. F. Trench, of Islip, Oxford, has a piece, which he sent to the Exhibition of 1851. Although the stone has a gritty appearance, no grit or dust is thrown off by the motion given to it when under pressure.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.—The old saying, "What is sport to some is death to others," is illustrated anew in the sad tale which reaches us from the great centre of the straw-plait trade, Luton, a town which, till lately, has been in a very flourishing condition. In 1851 it was calculated that the yearly returns of the trade were about £900,000, and the persons employed in it about 70,000. For twenty miles round the women and the children in the cottages, as well as in a more organised manner, have earned, if not a living, at any rate a very material aid to it, by the occupation of straw-plaiting. Now the ladies have adopted a very ridiculous custom of ceasing to wear hats of decent size, and, instead of them, show on the top of their heads a little ornamental patch of gauze, or lace, or ribbons. Consequently on Luton and the adjacent district great distress has fallen. Many thousands of hands are out of employ, and are suffering the extremest privation. In Luton alone, out of a population of upwards of 20,000, more than one third have scarcely bread to eat; and the poor's rate and the board of health rates have risen to more than 10s. in the pound. Thousands of persons can scarcely earn 1s. a week, where in good seasons they could gain 7s. to 10s. for six days' labour. Some of the largest manufacturers in Luton, Dunstable, and other parts, have closed their warehouses.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL.—Of the monuments which have been erected in memory of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, few will possess so great an interest to the public as that now in course of completion above the burial-place of the principal monarchs of Great Britain at Windsor Castle. Most visitors to the Palace are familiar with Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, a building at the east end of St. George's Chapel, from which it is separated by a covered way leading to the cloisters. It was originally erected by Henry VII as a burial-place for himself and his successors, but not used, and Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it from Henry VIII, and he began to prepare it as a receptacle for his remains; but

upon his disgrace it again reverted to the Crown. Charles I. intended to fit it up as a mausoleum, but troubles interposed, and after James II had converted it into a chapel the windows and decorations were destroyed in a popular commotion caused by the King entertaining the Pope's Nuncio. Eventually the present Royal cemetery was constructed beneath it, leaving the chapel itself empty and unoccupied. It is now being converted into a most interesting memorial of the late Prince Consort, and the decorations are being contributed by and at the expense of the Princes and Princesses of the Royal family. The gracefully-formed roof, with its beautiful arched work, has been covered with a magnificent mosaic ceiling, said to be the finest in Europe for its size. Around the sides of the chapel the plain glass windows have been re-filled with stained glass depicting events in the life of the Prince. On the west wall the panels are being filled with mosaic pictures of the sovereigns and celebrated persons whose history is intertwined with that of Windsor. When finished (13 are already up), the scenes will comprise portraits of Henry III, Edward III, Edward IV, Henry VII, Jane Seymour, Earl of Lincoln, Duke of Suffolk, Henry VI, Henry VIII, Charles I, George III, James II, Lord Hastings, Marquis of Worcester, Archbishop Bembridge, M. A. de Dominis, Matthew Wren, Bruno Ryves, Beauchamp, Wykeham, Wolsey, Dean Unswick, Bishop Turner, Bishop Robinson, Bishop Douglas, Archbishop Sutton, and others. Baron Triqueti is to cover the walls beneath the windows with marble inlaid work, the subjects being of a Scriptural character. Four of these large panels are at the present moment being exhibited, by permission of her Majesty the Queen, in the Paris Exhibition. The panel contributed by his Royal Highness Prince Leopold has for its subject David and Saul; that by Princess Louise, a scene from the life of Moses; on the panel given by Prince Arthur, David is shown with his harp, while Princess Beatrice has presented a picture of Nathaniel. Above each panel is a medallion portrait of the contributing Prince or Princess, sculptured in white marble. There are appropriate inscriptions attached to each panel. These precious works of art, upon the closing of the Exhibition, will be placed upon the walls of the chapel.

ORISSA FAMINE.—The horrible accounts of the sufferings of the Orissa population which reach us are curious from an ethnological point of view. They prove that amongst the rice-eating Hindoos (by whom, under ordinary circumstances, cannibalism would be regarded with almost as much horror as by ourselves) the sentiment of veneration is yet a stronger force than the natural repugnance to eating human flesh. The Rev. Mr. Miller, of Balasore, states that he has known no instance of a Hindoo eating a cat, a dog, or a cow, but that there are instances of their having eaten the dead bodies of their own children. The fact of cannibalism is amply confirmed by other testimony.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

THE AMERICAN CLAIM TO THE TOWN OF LEEDS.—A New York paper says:—"A meeting was lately held at the Astor House, by the heirs of the Ingraham estate, located at Leeds, England, to adopt measures to secure possession of the property. The estate covers an area of six miles in extent, and is said to be worth 100,000,000 dollars, or perhaps a little more, the calculation not purporting to be exact. It includes the town of Leeds, and a few adjacent villages and hamlets. All that is wanting to enable the heirs to take possession, so the lawyers say, is a certain will, which document the present possessors refuse to give up until they have been paid 20,000 dollars. It was resolved at the meeting to raise this sum, get the will, and take possession of the town of Leeds at once." Another American paper remarks:—"It seems to have been unaccountably forgotten that there are lawyers in England as well as lawyers in America; and that tenants who have held lands for two centuries generally get a title not easily to be disturbed. It is not a peculiarity of English practice to take wills for granted; they must be proved, as several hundred volumes of ecclesiastical and consistory reports sufficiently attest, and if anybody thinks it easy to prove a will two hundred years old, to the satisfaction of Doctors' Commons, we recommend him, if he has money to spare, to try the experiment. He will find that faith in the 'two lawyers' who discover an instrument just when it is wanted, might not be so large upon the other side of the Atlantic as it appears to be upon this. Time makes strong titles. Possession is nine points of the law."